ATKINSON'S EVEIGNG POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. **Philadelphia, October 19, 1839.** **Whole No. 951.**

DRAB BONNETS.

BY HENRIED BARTON.

Verses occasioned by reading in a morning paper, that on a Monday excursion of the Greenwich Railroad, a considerable number whose Drab Bonnets bespoke them members of the Society of Friends."

They are out of costumes, and of brilliant head dresses,
A la Georgeana in Francisco or what else they will;
They may talk of taxes, that glister on brows
Encwreathed by the Graces, and headed with shell;
Yet to my partial glance, I confess the drab bonnet
Is loveliest of any,—and most when it bears
But such the plain glow of a heart-warm'd sunbeam
As, beneath,—the expression benevolence spares;
Then let fashion exalt in her vapid vagaries,
From its fantastications my taste is fine;
Be lady's the head gear that momently varies,
But a Bonnet of drab is the sweetest to me.

Though stately the ostrich plume, gracefully throwing
Its feathery wealth while the eye it charms,
Though tasty and trim the straw bonnet, when glowing
With
the ribbons so glossy of various dye!
Yet still I must own, although none may seem duller
Than I have been, and have said, thou knowing and
learn'd,
If, my heart feel a sentiment ageably convening,
The Bonnet of Drab is the one I'm most fond of.

I have look'd into the linen of both beauty and fashion,—
Have seen how one will with gilt and with lace,
And crowns with a heart that could cherish compassion
Are
And by sympathy soften what sorrow must bear.
Yet seldom we oblige the,—which I make no scarcity,—
For the highest enjoyment that bosom e'er knew,
Than to succor the needy, and comfort the sorrowful
Is
Beneath from under a bonnet of drab-colored hue,
'Twas my pleasure,—my pride!—it is past, and has
passed,
Like the track of a ship o'er the dark-heaving sea!
But its loveliness lives, as remembrance is cherish'd,
And the Bonnet of drab is still beautiful to me!

Advertisement of the Corner

Metaphysics in Paris.

By the author of "The Yellowplush Correspondence."

I don't know an expression more curious than that which is formed in a foreigner's mind, who has been already 6 months in the place he lives in, returns to it and beholds the change which has taken place in the town during the various events and ways of thinking. Two years ago, for instance, when I left the capital, I left the people quite pleased with the present state of affairs up no longer in trust, and the tree of their hopes round. Every man had a cockade in his hair, combed and parted as the middle, tails tied up behind, and frizzled out in front, and all in the manner, with books as with boots, the fashion has changed, and the cockade is off the tree, the curious to contrast the old modes with the new. Absurd as was the literary dandyism of days ago, it was the literary dandyism of its day, and but little wonder now should any manner is changed, and our versatile French-men have taken to new ones.

The Revolution may be called a caricature of freedom, as the Empire was of glory; and what we in our horror and indignation at the former regard as heresy. They take top-boots and Mackintoshes: they read a little, very little, Shakespeare, and caricature our poetry: and as while Edward's Grandmother was a princess of the house of heathenism, now, on the contrary, the Catholic doctrine is considered as merely the dress, and distorted caricatures originally, are further distorted now. I can point out instances of trust in heaven that German art and religion alike so hold in your country and to ours, where there is a fond of roast beef that will excite the shriek of "Notre Dame de Lorette" in every Frenchmen here relished the mystical notions mightily, and have watched the Germans with their wonderful art, and the strange confusion of the old times, and mysterious transcendental art, the supine misery of the stock fish—as well and solemnly as they can—not as a matter of fun, but as a thing one should pray to prepare to grin when a Frenchman looks at them. Some have imported the whole system of false and ridiculous lurking under that title solemnly.

Two years in Paris, we were in the midst of what was called a Catholic reaction. Artists were full of faith: a dozen young painters of the first burst here and there: old monads were dug and galvanized: and, with a strange contrast, with as much gilding about them as was ever put in the literature of the most splendid churches, ladies' boudoirs, and pictures—the old, dismal, and mouldy stories of martyrs were eagerly followed. The very youth of students gave up their pipes and billiards for the time, and were to be seen at church, bowed under the feet of Lacordaire. I went to the church of "Notre Dame de Lorette" myself, which was finished in the heat of this epidemic rage, and was a child of the early fertility of the place to the worship celebrated in it. It was the appointed church which the architect had caused his work to express the full feeling of the moment. It is a pretty little church, which is supported by a dozen pillars; it has a gaudy ceiling of blue azure, which, when the sun comes in at the roof, is filled with gaudy pictures and carpets in the very pink of the mode. The architecture did not offer a bad illustration of the spirit and state of the Christian religion. Two or three persons were at prayers; there was a confessor and his confessional, and a few more were about at the pictures; and the Swiss, the guardian of the place, was comfortably and quietly reading a newspaper. The whole scene inclined to think the famous reaction a mere artificial matter, and to deem the churches and billiards again, and one or two cafes in the street only the more in vogue for the momentary handsomer than Notre Dame de Lorette.

Never, if the immortal Gorres and the Germanistics have had their day, there reason to think that the fashion has set very much against them. Voltaire and Encyclopedie are voted now-barbarous, and there is no reproduction strong enough for Jean Paul Richter and Hevelianes, who lived but to decry them. Whatever may be the fate which the Germans sweeps and pass are, I think there is nothing more manly and earnest even in their errors, more worthy of respect in their illusions. Pantheism in the word now one of the most degraded terms in the language of the sentiment; and we are deluged with a gush of sentimentality, which is only worthy of itself to be respected. Victor Hugo is a Pantheist and a god, and tawdry man as ever, Jules Janin, who writes theatrical reviews for the "Debats," has divine intimations there is scarcely a page of his criticisms which does not preach prose but tells you in his pretty manner, working tobacco and beer, and the theatre, and the Boulevard, and everything else, not convinced of the necessity of a new Salvator, and what is more, that from the last chapters of his own drunken Apocalypse. The mystical language of the day is far more vigorous than the assertions of the present, and they have a religion that must be, like such high persons.

There is no reason to trouble the reader with more of this matter, and I am afraid he can find instances of new revelations. Madame Sand, Lamennais, Leroux, Reynaud, Ballanche, and a host of her from report. True or false, they say any rate is not very edifying, and will be passed over; but as a certain great deal has told us in humble and simple manner that we are not to expect to gather grapes or figs from thistles, we may demand to all persons assuming the character of moralist, or philosopher, order, sobriety, and regularity of life: for we are apt to the intellect that we fancy can be away from circumstance or passion, and we know how circumstance and passion *will* sway the intellect, how mortified vanity will turn excuses of itself, and how pride will form apology for conscience that reproves it. How often have we called our judge our enemy, because he had pronounced sentence against us! How often have we called the right wrong, because the right condemned us! And in the lives of many of the bitter foes of the Christian doctrine can we find no personal reason for their hostility? The men in Athens said it was out of regard for religion that they murdered Socrates; but we have had time since then to reconsider the verdict, and Socrates's character is pretty well now, in spite of the sentence and the jury of those days.

The last time I left Paris, I found, who is the most eloquent writer, I think, that ever sea-ever Frenchman, and the author of her day now in France, in a little novel called Spiridion, in which the most extraordinary romantic epands her fantastical doctrine, and attacks the religion which she professed in the most fearful fashion. She declares it to be useless now, and entitled to the exigencies and the degree of culture of the actual world; and, in short, that it is hardly possible while to combat her opponent in due form, it is not worth while to notice them. Having read it from the extraordinary eloquence and genius of the writer, and having, moreover, my reasons for the opinion of a great number of people besides, I was curious to see what effect the book had had on the minutes those of others very eagerly; and one finds in her writings so much similarity with the ideas which I have myself entertained, and that the book before us may pass for the expression of the sentiments of a great many people, I believe, Sand-trust, a poem in which Christ and the Virgin Mary are made to talk very finely, and the former is classed with Prometheus. This is all we can say of Spiridion, which, with a preface and perhaps you will listen to some of the reasons of its expulsion.

It must be confessed that the controversialists of the present day have the strongest advantage over their predecessors in the days of folios. It required some learning to write such a book, and some taste at least, for the very labor of writing up a thousand such vast pages would demand a great deal of time and pains. In the age of the decimos, the system is reformed altogether: a man has only to have a tolerable share of the imagination and not his learning—makes a story of a hundred and fifty pages: where the preacher has to fill up one or two pages with a new sermon every week, and perhaps you will listen to some of the reasons of its expulsion.

It must be confessed that the controversialists of the present day have the strongest advantage over their predecessors in the days of folios. It required some learning to write such a book, and some taste at least, for the very labor of writing up a thousand such vast pages would demand a great deal of time and pains. In the age of the decimos, the system is reformed altogether: a man has only to have a tolerable share of the imagination and not his learning—makes a story of a hundred and fifty pages: where the preacher has to fill up one or two pages with a new sermon every week, and all the sects of the earth will doubtless spare no many saints and angels—by means of long descriptions of those celestial beings, which troubles over the vast fabric to David's pebble—the author of "Eveline" falls foul of Luther and Calvin, and the author of "Spiridion" of the whole tremendous Protest by the sounds of her little half-crown trumpet—in like manner, by means of a little Catholic fervor, and a little knowledge of Mrs. Sand proclaims her truth: that we need a new Messiah, and that he has already come—by no more! Oh awful, awful name of God! Light and darkness, how intermingled, how confused, how unmanageable!—who are those who come to us with their little candles, and their eyes blinking into the depths of the light, and mock at the sun because it dazzles them? Oh, in the name that God's people of old did fear to utter! Oh light that God's prophet would have permitted to shine on his people, and who are we so familiar with it? Women, truly; for the most part weak women are they who are the first to misshape in spelling and grammar, but marvellously strong in the power to pervert the people with stately step and voice of solemn mockery. I cannot but think that the fate if there were some Divine authority for the Parisian Pythoness stands in the godly fellowship of Spiridion, and Eveline, and Lamennais as a foreigner can judge, a strange tongue, and a strange people. Is there not in the exuberant imagination, and with it a very crude sort of expression. Now and then a remarkable fact in declamation, as other modern prophets do, and yet how many are required to make the sentence full. She seldom runs a thought to death (after the manner of some prophets, who, when they have got a little way with it, look back on it, and but the leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, and luxuriant sentences, with no more to say for future cogitation. I can't express to you the delight I have had in the thought, but the pictures of country bells—provoking. I don't know what to call them—are sometimes very beautiful, and very sadly on the ear.

Then another kind of language must have been felt by most people who read Madame Sand's first books, Valentine and Indiana: in the latter especially. There is a fascination for those who are not afraid of the matter of the book, and I am afraid I am one of them myself. I doubt not but that it has found many readers in the country of Notre Dame de Lorette; and, presume, is to describe in a parable her notions of the nature of the God of the Christians, the God, of the whole Christian scheme; and she places her hero in a monastery in Italy, where he is to receive his education, and from whom which occur, the particular tenets of Madame Sand's religion are not specified, but that the Innocent, faithful, tender-hearted, Spiridion finds nothing in the Church to correspond with the object of aversion and hatred to the godly men who have made it what it is, and to the God whom he would make say sacrifice to win. After certain discussions, the hero leaves the Pope, the confessor and begs for his sympathy and consolation; but the confessor spurns him away, and accuses him of those detestable crimes, most unnatural crime—bids him never return to the confessional or the communion table. He then finds the Christians which sully his spirit are by sincere remonstrance wholly removed.

"Then speaking (says Spiridion) Father Hebronius turned away his face, and began to read, ing in my supplicating hands. In a sort of wildness I still grasped it tighter: he pushed me from him with violence, so that I fell upon my knees on the ground. He quitted me, closing violently after him the door of the cell. Such was the scene and passed. I was left alone in the darkness, in the horrible silence, and in the midst of the excess of my grief, a vein had burst in my breast, which overwhelmed me. I had not the force to rise, I felt my senses rapidly sinking, and presently I lay stretched on the pavement, motionless, speechless, and blind on my blood."

Now the wonderful part of the story begins: Spiridion recovers and goes on in the strangest way. As I came to myself I felt an agreeable coolness. It seemed as if some one approached me was playing round about me, stirring gently in the air, and refreshing my face and temples with my breast. It seemed to approach, and then again to retire, breathing softly and sweetly, now close to the distance, and now returning as if to give me strength and courage to rise.

"I opened my eyes, but I saw no one; for I felt myself as I lay under the influence of a pleasure so great that I was afraid to move. I was in fact afraid observation to the gentle murmurs of the breeze which, as it came and went, I had mistaken for closed window-blinds above me. Then I fancied I heard a voice, and I was afraid to lose a word of the sacristy: it whispered so low that I could not catch the words. I remained motionless and silent, and I heard distinctly the following sentence: "*Spirit of Truth, thou who comest to us from the bosom of the Father.*" Father Hegesippus, said in a weak voice, "I am not worthy that you should visit me." No one answered. I lifted myself on my hands and knees. I listened again, but I heard nothing. I got up completely, and looked about me. I had fallen so near to the only door in this little room, that alone after the departure of the confessor could have entered it without passing over me; the door was shut, and only opened from the inside by a strong lock of the ancient shape I touched it and assured myself that it was shut. I was seized with terror, and for some moments did not dare to move. Leaning against the door, I looked round, and endeavored to see into the gloom in which the angles of the room were enveloped. A pale light, which came from an upper window half closed, was to be seen trembling in the midst of the darkness. The wind beat the shutter to and fro, and enlarged a diminished space through which the light entered. The objects which were in this half-light, the prying-book which surmounted it, and the floor looks lying on the benches—a surplice hanging against the wall—seemed to agree with the shadow of the foliage that the air agitated behind the window. What I thought I was alone. I felt ashamed of my former timidity; I made the sign of the cross, and was about to move forward in order to open the shutter entirely, but a deep sigh came from the praying-desk, and kept me nailed to my place. And yet I saw that distinctly enough to be sure that no person was near it. Then I had an idea which gave me courage. Some person, I thought, is behind the shutter, and has been so during the confession without thinking of me. But who would be so bold as to escape such wiles and utter such a prayer as I had just heard?

"Certainly, the only passion and amusement permitted to a cloister, our society passionless, and I advanced toward the window. But I had not made a step when a black figure, as it seemed to me, detaching itself from the praying-desk, traversed the room, disengaged the bolt, opened the window, and passed swiftly by me. I had not even the power to call out. I had only to avoid what seemed a body advancing toward me, and my fright was so great, that I thought I felt on my shoulder after I had passed rightly, and as if the shadow had passed through me, I felt the sensation of a cold wind.

"I rushed to the window: I pushed back the blind with precipitation, and I saw by the light of the moon that the figure was entirely alone. I looked down the garden, it was the same. I saw the whole day wind was wandering among the flowers. I looked behind me into the room, and I saw that the room; I looked behind the praying-desk, which was very large, and I shook all the secondhand benches which were fixed to the walls—every thing was in its natural condition, and I could give no reason for what I had seen, and had occurred. The sight of all the blood I had lost, and the long fasting which I had undergone, had weakened by the hemorrhage, and that I had been a prey to some delirium. I returned to my cell, and remained shut up there until the next day.

"I don't know whether the reader has been so much struck with the more mysterious scene as we have been, but the story of a stroke me as very fine, and the natural *supernaturalness* in a boy up in the hay-loft, and the sudden terror and fire, the fitful light *appearing* over the fair face of the nun, and the sudden disappearance of the figure in the same manner—the swirl which passed through the body of the timid young novice—are every thing that is in the natural condition, and the whole is a capital specimen of the style of writing which the author of "Eveline" falls foul of Luther and Calvin, and the Virgin Mary are made to talk very finely, and the former is classed with Prometheus. This is all we can say of Spiridion, which, with a preface and perhaps you will listen to some of the reasons of its expulsion.

"As I entered into the garden, I stopped a little on one side to make way for a person whom I saw coming to me. It was a lay brother expressing beauty, and attired in a foreign costume. Although dressed in the large linen robe which the superiors of our order wear, he had underneath a short jacket of fine cloth, fastened round the waist with a leather belt, from which hung a silver, after the manner of the old German student. He was about thirty years old, and the folds of our monks, short tight boots, and over his shoulders a short cloak of the same cloth as his dress, and was as white as snow, hung in rich folds from his shoulders to his feet. His head was bare, and his elegant posture seemed to reveal to me that he was in the habit of constantly exposing it to the open air. His features, taste, I half saluted him. He did not return my salute, but fixed upon me a look of astonishment and surprise, which at the same time his eyes, severe and cold, but full of fire, seemed to express such compassionate tenderness, that to features so beautiful, and to a look so full of goodness of collection. I stopped, hoping he would speak to me, and persuading myself from the majesty of his appearance that he was a superior. I waited for the monk who was walking behind me, and who I thought would present me to him; but I was forced him hastily to step aside from the walk, and to bow down my head, which he touched with his hand as if to bless me. I was about to engage in a quarrel with a weak woman; and to avoid it, I was obliged to step upon the grass, and to retire to the end of the garden, I looked round, and endeavored to see the figure in which the eagles of the room

---

"As I entered into the garden, I stepped a little on one side to make way for a person whom I saw coming to me. It was a lay brother expressing beauty, and attired in a foreign costume. Although dressed in the large linen robe which the superiors of our order wear, he had underneath a short jacket of fine cloth, fastened round the waist with a leather belt, from which hung a silver, after the manner of the old German student. He was about thirty years old, and the folds of our monks, short tight boots, and over his shoulders a short cloak of the same cloth as his dress, and was as white as snow, hung in rich folds from his shoulders to his feet. His head was bare, and his elegant posture seemed to reveal to me that he was in the habit of constantly exposing it to the open air. His features, taste, I half saluted him. He did not return my salute, but fixed upon me a look of astonishment and surprise, which at the same time his eyes, severe and cold, but full of fire, seemed to express such compassionate tenderness, that to features so beautiful, and to a look so full of goodness of collection. I stopped, hoping he would speak to me, and persuading myself from the majesty of his appearance that he was a superior. I waited for the monk who was walking behind me, and who I thought would present me to him; but I was forced him hastily to step aside from the walk, and to bow down my head, which he touched with his hand as if to bless me. I was about to engage in a quarrel with a weak woman; and to avoid it, I was obliged to step upon the grass, and to retire to the end of the garden, I looked round, and endeavored to see into the gloom in which the angles of the room

---

"Now the wonderful part of the story begins: Spiridion recovers and goes on in the strangest way. As I came to myself I felt an agreeable coolness. It seemed as if some one approached me was playing round about me, stirring gently in the air, and refreshing my face and temples with my breast. It seemed to approach, and then again to retire, breathing softly and sweetly, now close to the distance, and now returning as if to give me strength and courage to rise.

"I opened my eyes, but I saw no one; for I felt myself as I lay under the influence of a pleasure so great that I was afraid to move. I was in fact afraid observation to the gentle murmurs of the breeze which, as it came and went, I had mistaken for closed window-blinds above me. Then I fancied I heard a voice, and I was afraid to lose a word of the sacristy: it whispered so low that I could not catch the words. I remained motionless and silent, and I heard distinctly the following sentence: "*Spirit of Truth, thou who comest to us from the bosom of the Father.*" Father Hegesippus, said in a weak voice, "I am not worthy that you should visit me." No one answered. I lifted myself on my hands and knees. I listened again, but I heard nothing. I got up completely, and looked about me. I had fallen so near to the only door in this little room, that alone after the departure of the confessor could have entered it without passing over me; the door was shut, and only opened from the inside by a strong lock of the ancient shape I touched it and assured myself that it was shut. I was seized with terror, and for some moments did not dare to move. Leaning against the door, I looked round, and endeavored to see into the gloom in which the angles of the room

---

"Presently the door shook—his step upon the stairs—and the tone of his voice reached her ear, it might be for the last time—the dreary room door closed—the cruin of her fate was come, and the rat driven by her little work table and buried her face in her hands.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour elapsed before Mrs. Stanhope appeared, and one glance at her countenance was enough for Helen: her long restrained emotion gushed forth without control, and the tears she shed were those of joy and thankfulness.

I know how foolish it is to cry when I am so happy," she said, kissing her hand, "but I never did girl, trembling through their dewy fringe, "but I could not help it, my heart felt burning." "Tell me—is he well? Is he happy?"

All her fine thoughts concentrated this burst of irrepressible emotion, and she bent down in time to collect the scattered flowers, while her face fell from them like rain.

"Did you know him then?" inquired the old man, with a keen glance.

"Yes—he visited at the house where I was staying, while in London."

"He is about to be married!"

"Nothing of the kind," replied her unchanging companion; "I saw him yesterday."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Helen, "I received a letter from him this morning."

"Then you have seen him!

so to locate, either just below, or in the first fortnight of the September moon. For next year we have no fear in it, more especially as we were positively assured that we were to have all the weather, and all the shooting, that could be desired. We therefore took a hearty farewell of the Manx and the Palace, and proceeded to the Tay Inn, where our dinner awaited us.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

The following correspondence is published for the purpose of affording information to those letters of inquiry on the subject, that we have published in former numbers, and which we have not as yet answered. With us there is no doubt on the subject—that there is much doubt with regard to generality, our extensive correspondence fully proves.

STRIPPING OFF THE LEAVES OF MULTICAULIS.

Harrisburg, September 13, 1839.

G. B. SMITH, Esq.

Dear Sir—At the instance of several of my friends, who are, as well as myself, engaged in the rearing of silk worms, I take the liberty of addressing you for the purpose of eliciting information on a question which to us is of much importance.

A Mr. —— has a large lot of morus multicaulis trees, growing in our neighborhood, and is now stripping them of the leaves for feeding the worms from the multicaulis in the fall. The leaves are so necessary to the protection of the buds and the vitality of the roots, as I suppose you are, and I should so soon think of digging under the tree and cutting off the roots, as of taking off the leaves. If the leaves are stripped off, the buds are almost certain to start to supply their places; especially if we have a warm spell of weather, and then the buds are very much injured for planting next season. The functions of the leaf are so necessary to the existence of the bud as the tree itself, and without this aid, I do not believe they can become perfect. As to any injurious effect to be apprehended from the sap (sale or stem of the leaf) " becoming hard from frost, and consequently impervious, it is not to said by destroying the bud," a little reflection will show the fallacy of the supposition. The leaf is the first effectual frost will turn the leaves yellow and before twelve o'clock the day after such frost, every leaf will have fallen to the ground. No hard stem or petiole will be left. The bud will be perfect; and after the first frost of its own maturity, the buds never start till next year. But if you take them off, before they have performed their functions, the tree naturally tries to supply the deficiency by sending out new ones in their places, and thus the bud intended for next year's growth is destroyed, and the tree is a leaf the year, and by this extra exertion the eye is more or less injured. Let it be borne in mind, that a tree cannot grow without leaves. They are the lungs of plants; through them the juices are purified, and by means of the air and the extract from the atmosphere, the plant is nourished. The leaves are merely attached to the tree by a temporary fixture, and held to it so long only as it is of use. The moment the tree ceases to have use of it, it lets go its hold and falls to the ground. The circulation of the sap is by the tree or tree, returns to the roots, or at least ceases to flow, as soon as the tree is matured, or the colo weather puts a stop to vegetation; and as soon as this takes place, the leaves fall from the tree. The only reason one can give for stripping of the leaves prematurely, is that they, (the leaves), keep up the circulation of sap by the force of suction, longer than is useful to the plant. This seems to me a most unnatural supposition: the leaves are not the cause, but the effect of the circulation of the sap, as is proved by the fact that if you strip a number of all its leaves in summer, it immediately puts out new ones, which it could not do if the circulation of the sap was superseded.

Had I do not depend upon mere theory, year before last I wished to preserve some leaves for use in spring, and in October I stripped a few trees for the purpose. Every bud immediately began to grow, and then to the extent of from one to two inches, the trees were covered with young leaves of the size of a dollar, and there was not a bud formed for the next season's growth.

Respectfully, GIDEON B. SMITH.

MORE SILK SPECIMENS.

We received the following letter, with its accompanying specimens, in time for our previous issue, but as some of our correspondents have complained that we do not publish their letters as promptly as we could wish, we have made it a rule to publish them in the order they are received, as far as practicable. We therefore took a hearty farewell of the Manx and the Palace, and proceeded to the Tay Inn, where our dinner awaited us.

Philadelphia, September 15, 1839.

MR. GIDEON B. SMITH—

Sir—Perhaps you will not take it amiss to receive a line from a constant reader of your Silk Journal, though not in any way directly connected with the silk cause, but indirectly as a true citizen, it believes me and every free born American to speak, and to be as circumstances will permit, to encourage and speak well of any thing that has a probability to assist in the progress of any great enterprising people, in the promotion of a cause that will give bread to thousands of the rising and aged of our community—and, as you observe, will, at a future time, rival the cotton growing of the south—for surely it was very fallacious as to the result of the multicaulis growing, but on my return from Ohio, I took occasion to visit Economy—having often heard in Pittsburgh of the silk establishment there, I made some enquiries, when I was respectfully informed, and invited to go and see the establishment, which far exceeds what ever I imagined, there are two cocoonaries—one of brick, about feet long, eighteen wide, two stories, and a fine stone cellar—the other, sixty-five feet long, and eighteen wide, two stories high, of brick. They have fed about 800 000 worms—the silk bearing factory is equal to France and England, having engaged a machinist and druggist, and handing, to assist in the erection of a large 12 ribbon loom, value about $1000, the machine surpasses all other machines for beauty and ingenuity I ever saw, it speaks volumes in praise of the young man, as well as the enterprise of the society—the machinist is the son of a Swiss citizen, go and visit this place, and then your doubts will be removed, as mine have been, I have, for your satisfaction, two pieces I saw made; I made a little purchase of three-quarter cloth pieces are just a sample for your inspection and encouragement in the cause. I said there is little over one day, and it is fine sight to walk round the town, and to observe great improvement the houses fine young Italian trees by hundreds —every street lined with them, of various ages —some, not long since, were selling at 50 cents, others near the town. They make three different sorts of velvet, the best is 25 per yard, and is called a three thread Dutch—you can sit on the pile and never perceive it—rich figured satin for silk for ladies dresses—a black satin, such as, I believe, never imported, soon to be sent to black handkerchiefs, for cravats—and a velvet loom also; there is a fine young man superintendent over them with eight young women there to all busy reeling; they told me they could reel from eight to sixteen cocoons per day, depending, in a measure, on the quality of the cocoons; some differing, in a measure from others —but the whole cocoons they told me made the best silk. I took it would be well, for a few persons, who travel, or are residents on any silk growing state, in the Union, to go there for one or two, post-paid, setting forth the nature and quantity of silk, together with an experiment, or manufacture for home use, as an encouragement to others to proceed—why should we send 25,000,000 dollars to Europe, when it may, by exertion, be kept at home, and prosperity crown the enterprise, to the joy of hundreds of families. The ribbon loom weaves seven ribbons at one time, all of different colours.

A. B.

From, sir, yours, most respectfully.

THE GAUNTLET—WHO TAKES IT UP?

Northampton, Mass. August 9, 1839.

J. BUEL, Esq.

Dear Sir,—You are aware that I am strong in the faith, that this country will ere long not only supply her own wants in the article of raw silk, but have a large surplus for Europe. You are also aware, that I have given much attention to the subject; in fact, have devoted my whole time to it for the last nine years, and that I have practicum for making silk, and factories for working it, and that therefore I am now engaged in the same pursuit. Well, sir, now challenging all this, we have daily accounts of persons, who assert the whole affair of silk culture is a "humbug." Almost every paper I take up, has something of the kind, intimating that all the excitement on the subject at present, is merely for the sake of trade, speculation," &c. and advising all to let their influence to have "nothing to do" with it. Now I assert we have a silk fever among us, and that it is premature to think of it. Why? Because the people do not know how to go to work. The mere fact of having a few trees, and a few cocoons to discuss the matter with, any of all who have not made the attempt, is not the way. The question settled beyond a doubt, and of any of the dowbters will favor us with a call, or if we shall not in ten years, supply our wants at least from our own soil, I pledge myself to give the subject fully, and if I cannot convert them to conclude that I have been a fool for my pains, and deluded others into the belief, that we can raise silk on all our farms, and to cause pond fruit to supersede other agricultural productions, cotton not excepted. I will not insert this, as you have not invited me to do so, but if you, or any of your readers, or friends, in any part of our country from Maine to Mexico, of a quarter, desire to avail of my services, I will go to any part of the United States where I can find persons favor to all who are engaged in the business, or who intend to engage in it, and I will confer on reasonable terms, with, in reply to this, state why you cannot do it, or if I have misapprehended you there, then why we shall not necessarily engage in the cultivation of raw silk to a great extent.

SAMUEL WHITMARSH.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF MORUS MULTICAULIS.

The great auction sale by Wm. H. Franklin, Esq. of Princeton, N. J. took place on the 10th inst. by Mr. Peck, of the same town, in the place yesterday. The sale commenced at half past 9 and 10 o'clock, were thronged with purchasers, and no unpleasant occurrences from the great concourse attended the sale.

The collation was served upon tables, erected on a verdant field, and the refreshments presented on the occasion gave the scene all classic effect. The number of lots was 1000, and the selling of a superior quality, consisting of the best of the Morus Multicaulis, the demand for fair prices. The large ones, from layers, sold from 50 to 37 cents, and were sold in entire fields, every tree to be counted, large and small. Some of these trees were about 5000, and as high as 10 to 15 feet. The stalks and limbs from one acre at 17 to 25 cents. The total number sold exceeded 2,000,000 and the sale of yesterday amount somewhat exceeded $50,000.—*N. Y. Star.*

Silk Culture in the Sandwich Islands.—The ship Lamoreaux, just sailing with Mission Stores to the Sandwich Islands, takes out a large number of trees, of the morus multicaulis, for the purpose of introducing the silk culture there.—*Boston Gaz.*

National Silk Convention.—A convention to promote the culture of silk in this country, is to be held in Washington, D. C. on the 10th of next September.

The Multicaulis Trade.—A Connecticut paper states that large sales are being made in Multicaulis trees have been made within the last two weeks. 30,000 have been disposed of, 30 cents a tree; 50,000 in Wethersfield at 20 cents; 13,000 in Glastenbury, at 40 cents; 10,000 in Newington, and large quantities in Farmington has paid 45 cents a tree for a lot, of about 10,000; making the extraordinary sum of, but not a few weeks, of $21,000. In addition to the above, we learn that 400,000 have been sold this season in the vicinity of Hartford, Conn. Of these 70,000 were for State, 50,000 for Michigan, 50,000 for New Jersey, 50,000 for Massachusetts, and 10,000 for New York.

Atkinson's Evening Post
Philadelphia Saturday News

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to S. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1839.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We feel ashamed that the hard pressing times, it will afford pleasure to our subscribers to render us all the relief in little power. We have was led by a number of our citizens to go down two to five dollars, which, though small in themselves, present a serious aggregate upon our books. It is a matter of little moment to the publisher of a year's subscription, though we shall feel much obliged to all who will do so. The year is about closing, and we wish to make no adjustment of our accounts, and though it will afford us much gratification to continue our very heavy list, we shall be forced to diminish it, and to reprove our system of forbearance if we do not observe some promptitude in the settlement of their accounts. It is an unpleasant matter to be eternally dunning, and we trust that this hint will be acted upon by all who are in arrears.

THE ARTICLE ON THE SUSPENSION.

The able article which appeared to-day on the subject of the suspension, is said to be from the pen of Mr. Biddle. It differs in some respects from the style of that distinguished financier, but is certainly an able paper, and enters with minuteness and clearness into the causes of all our difficulties. The article first appeared in the Herald and Sentinel of this city, and it has been extensively copied, not only by papers here but by those of N. York. We thought it due to our readers to publish the article, as furnishing a more local explanation, than any thing that could be laid before them.

NEW YORK BANKS.

It is supposed that the New York banks will suspend specie payments immediately after the departure of the Britannia. The Wall street clique have been playing a desperate game to their intention is to depreciate the prices of U. States Bank stock in England, and in the panic that must ensue among the bankers of this stock in that country, to purchase through their agents all that can be bought. But we doubt much whether John Bull is the fool to be shorn as he acres take him to be. He will have a fair chance of seeing both sides of the story, and will be governed accordingly. The article first spoken of as the presses of influence are prostituted in the base purpose of assisting to forward such unhallowed designs. Merits of the case will be of no avail, or in trust for them, and there can be no doubt that to some extent the facts of the misrepresentations of the American public. The windy boasting of the New York press about the prosperity and permanency of their banking institutions, when contrasted with those of Philadelphia, presents one of the fairest of the frog and the ox. Their *swelling* pretensions will be ended by a sudden explosion, and "necessity," that stern law, will coerce as a check to their enormous payments. We shall not be at all surprised if we are obliged to notify our readers of their suspension in our next paper. We understand that the method already adopted to keep up appearances is to pay about one third of the amount of specie demanded at their counter, and to plead inability to procure the residue. This is the last of non-performance of their boasted promises. Now this is saying it on a little too thick, and people must be blind indeed not to see that it is merely the shadow of coming events.

PRESIDENT VAN BUREN arrived at Baltimore on Tuesday afternoon, and took lodgings at Barnum's City Hotel, where he received the visits of his friends. In the evening there was a procession, in honor of the recent victory obtained by the administration party in Maryland.

SHINPLASTERS.—The first breach of the city Council of Baltimore, on Monday evening, decided in favor of the issue of certificates to the amount of $400,000. No certificate to be of a lesser denomination than fifty cents. The second branch of Council decided against the measure.

THE BOSTON BANK.—The following is from a Boston paper of Monday.

"Should specie payments be continued in New York and Boston, by reserves drafted on the precious metals, an equivalent would be realized by the increased relative value of our bills. Meantime, silver is fast disappearing from our vaults and our banks again, as plentifully as it would at first be withdrawn. On the whole, we have every indicement to keep up specie payments, and then far, our city remains tranquil.

THE WOOL GROWERS' BANK, of New York, stopped payment on its bills on Tuesday. The *Journal of Commerce* says it is one of the four banks, and supposes that it has not more than $5000 in circulation.

LIBRARY.

"The Cosmo of Good Breeding," by the author of "The Laws of Etiquette."—Philadelphia: LEA & BLANCHARD.

This work is elegantly issued in a very unpretending dress, as it will hardly not the river as five dress *freely* times. It is one thing to be well informed on the subject of which it treats, and another to be able to impart that information. Many men's fields; the last is perhaps easier to men of scanty intellectual endowments, but no man of the former can be content to be pitiful dogmatism. The maxims of this work are stale and antiquated and are dished up without much labor or seasoning at the hands of the cook. They are by no means applicable to this meridian. In fine, this little volume is, inthe emphatic language of the Turk, "all bosh—nothing."

"The Literary Souvenir for 1840, edited by *W. E. Burton*, Philadelphia, CAREY & HART.

This beautiful annual has already made its appearance in a style of magnificence which reflects much credit on the publishers. It contains thirteen exquisite engravings, and is bound in a manner so neat, yet rich, that the most fastidious taste will be pleased with it. The literary parts are principally from the pen of the editor, and Charles West Thomson. Mr. Burton is an able writer, and has accumulated the literary character of one annual at least.

The Alexandria Gazette says:—The new buildings in Washington will be splendid edifices, and will add very much to the appearance of the City. The Hall of Representatives, the Patent Office, and the Post Office, (the last to be built of white marble,) will arrest the eye of the stranger when he enters the City. The old buildings now occupied by the State, War, and Navy Departments, must come down next, and be replaced by new ones.

The Senate vs. Treasure.—The St. Louis Republican of the 5th instant, has the following:—

We yesterday noticed the arrival of the annual convoy of the Santa Fe traders. We have since ascertained that the value of the goods in waggons, and they bring between one hundred and fifty and two thousand dollars in specie. A party lately sent out by Mr. Glasgow, of this county for wool, were attacked somewhere in the neighborhood of the Arkansas by Indians, with the exception of the Executive, directed to be distributed among the States.

On July 31st, the session commenced by the lend of the Treasury Department, to carry the various enactions. Of the manner in which this act has been, or will be obeyed, we cannot form an opinion, it is deemed unnecessary here to offer an opinion, but with the beginning of the execution of the law, the services rendered by the Deposite Banks, will end with order in ascertaining their equal, and the duties of the Treasurer will be limited to the receipt of the Government, but had to seek temporary support to prevent or postpone his failure, from her own resources.

This expedient, however, as it has been, we regret as has been the beginning. Already has the country been startled by the announcement of the failure of the Bank of the Mississippi and various other embarrassments, which, we fear, will multiply upon us. The Bank of the Mississippi is one of the first which has been placed on ship board and transferred to a foreign land for safe keeping.

The Bank of the Mississippi is one of the first importance, and must be specially considered as intrusion to the great question of a suspension of specie payments by the Banks. The Bank of the Mississippi has been one of the most liberal in its discounts, and has been the most liberal in its discounts, and has been the most liberal in its discounts, and has been

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA — PENNSYLVANIA.

Police Robbery.—A most brazen robbery a small shop at the Northeast corner of Sixth and Lombard st. this morning, between Justice Mackey, of the Municipal Court, and Officer Thompson, on a charge, by a colored man, of selling policies of insurance on a lottery. He turned over the money in the case to Justice for further hearing.

Motion to Discharge Dr. Dyott.—The motion to discharge Dr. Dyott on Saturday last by Judge Sharswood was made on Saturday last by Judge Smith, Ingersoll, Esq., before the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

A rule to show cause was entered why the defendant in this case should not be discharged, and the defendant discharged from imprisonment. The rule was made returnable on Saturday, 26th inst. when it will be fully argued.

The Shows.—We are repeatedly enquired of as to the whereabouts of some of these favorites of our city. We are at length able to answer through the information of a neutral friend, that they are now at Boston, doing a handsome business, as they have been throughout the season in the Eastern States, and may be expected here about the 10th November. So bright as ever they were they at Newburyport, where they gave a series concerts, that they were sent for to return to that place, and offered one hundred dollars for one night. Come when they may, we are assured they will meet a cordial welcome.

Born as a Railroad.—A lady gave birth to a son in one of the cars between Trenton and this city on Saturday last.

The Burnt District.—Laborers have commenced clearing away the ruins of the late fire in Water street, preparatory to the erection of new edifices. The stone at the corner of Dock and Crescent streets has been newly roofed and pointed, and it is expected that the whole block will shortly be rebuilt.

The Governor.—His Excellency, David R. Porter, arrived in this city on Saturday last from Harrisburg, on Saturday last, attended by the Attorney General, C. J. Ingersoll, Esq., and several other gentlemen connected with the administration. He left the next day for Harrisburg, and entered in an open carriage drawn by four horses, which had been provided by his excellency Governor Shunk, and so well known as Sanderson's Hotel. He left the city on Wednesday.

Accidents.—A young lad aged about seven, the daughter of James Fox, bricklayer, fell from the second story of a house in course of erection on Seventeen Fifteen, on Monday, and was instantaneously killed.

Two boys were run over by two men riding on horseback at full gallop, on Monday, in Sixth street, above Girard. The boys were not injured by several citizens who witnessed the speed at which they were travelling, arrested, and carried to a magistrate, who bound them over to answer the charge. The boys were very much frightened.

—North American.

A Singular Case.—A man, named Alanson Theodore Herrick, has confessed before a magistrate of Easton that he is the murderer of Zebulon Herrick, also of Easton, for which crime he has been convicted and sentenced to be hung. He related particulars of the murder, and how he consumed the deed, the mode in which he disposed of the property, and the time of the murder, circumstances, and read the awful convictions of his conscience had induced him to confess the deed.

The man is at present confined, but at the subsequent examination he denied having any hand in the act. A physician who examined him, declared that he could find no trace or insanity about him. He is still in jail, and the Sheriff of the county has sent to Harrisburg for the purpose of having the matter investigated. His counsel, Mr. Parker, had confessed the deed Herrick said, "that if Kohler was willing to die for the crime, he would confess, as he could see no use of both dying."—*Ledger.*

Price of Farms in Pennsylvania.—A West Chester paper makes the following remarks: "We have heretofore noticed the sale of farms at good prices in this town, some of which were as high as $112 per acre. The most from that to $80 per acre—and yesterday that a friend of ours recently sold his farm of one hundred acres in Conemaugh, Indiana county, to Dobbs Ferry, containing, at one hundred and fifty dollars per acre.—This farm is in a good state of cultivation, and the buildings are no more than ordinary.

A Country Grocery.—The Lewistown Gazette of the Valley Democrat has come to the noble determination to furnish the subscribers of his paper with no money at all, but exchange the paper for ham with food for the body. Hear him.

"There will not be a single paper sent out from this office next week. We are out of paper, out of money, out of credit, out of subscribers, out of debts, and our better half says she is out of patience, and we are out of humor, and all of these things must all be remedied before we again issue a paper."

Mormonism.—There is a tremendous pressure in the agricultural districts of Pennsylvania. The Saints appear to have a large field for proselyting to bear, and fears are entertained of their breaking. Can't they be done?

NEW YORK.

Pocket Picking.—An individual from New Orleans, named William T. Johnson, had his pocket picked of $1,000 in this city, and also a secondary sight, by a yellow woman. An officer found three of them at the Astor House the other day. One had $1,000 in one of her stockings; another had a portion of the amount stuck up in her petticoat.

Helping a Man Out of Prison.—The trifling sum of $1,000 bail got up a theatrical benefit, to those funds to pay the fine for which the editor of the Buffalo Commercial was mulcted in the jail. We hope all Biff's friends will come out even this occasion to enable him to "follow suit."

Enterprising.—A packet boat master, named Lewis Wilcox, who was buried out in Western New York fire, being the sixth time in that city, has already received the sum of $1,000, scarcely yet cold, and recommenced business.

Instance.—A resident of Lewisville married lady, named Mrs. Charity Fowler, living in New York, on returning home on Friday night was surprised to find a fellow on the premises, who turned in and a spirited scuffle ensued, in which she was victorious, and the fellow fled, and ordered to go with him to the watch-house. The prisoner, however, succeeded in escaping from her, when the valiant captain tore her cloak to pieces, and left with the fragments, while she dragged her to the watch house, thrust her into the cell where the prisoner had been, and left her there an hour or later. A considerable excitement arose in consequence of this treatment of a respectable female. The fellow's bail, however, was obliged to release her. In the morning the captain, a Mr. Jones, was fined $5, and was bound over in $300 to answer the assault and battery and the false imprisonment at the next term.

A Waiters "Buster."—The Despatch says that Mr. Norcum has announced as having dissolved from the counter of the Mechanics and Traders' Bank in Baltimore, and has opened a bar in the city as a hard customer. He has been known by order as a waiter, successively, at every bar in the party at three, and then to knock down the waiter or saloon-keeper who refused to trust him. On one occasion, while upon a "bender" in the country, he came to a farm house, and, entering the bar grate, and upon the whole appears, from all testimony, to be a "severe buster." He always plays fast and of money and liquid capacity, and stores away and shuck-bone cheese, when not upon too large a spree.

Manchester Bequest.—The "Signal," a new paper just started in Manchester, Va., has left in his will $500,000 to a *Free Public Library*, to be located in the city and named after him. He also left $100,000 for Europe in the Wellington packet, being interested in the line of which Mr. Alston is a member, such works as may be deemed proper to form a part of the library. The fellow and his heirs are worthy of the enlarged views of a generous and liberal people, and their munificence to a struggling industry, have carried out for him the means of obtaining, in his adopted country, a present high position.—*Post.*

A Singular Trial.—In an action tried before Judge Mc. Norcum, in Baltimore, on Friday, in the suit of John Duff against Edwin Lord, for wages claimed by the former for services which he had been in the employ of Mr. Lord as a waiter for some two or three years, when Mr. Lord discharged him, the defence set up was that Duff was from the wine cellar of his residence. It was admitted by the plaintiff that he was a good waiter, but Mr. Lord immediately gave him his discharge; and as he was going to leave the house he gave him a character—saying that his wine-drinking propensities were such as to unfit him for his business, as he should have stripped drunk every day in the morning. Mr. Lord engaged and in behalf of his son Wife and family. Mr. Lord's counsel requested certificate of character, when Johnson dismissed the case, and Lord was summoned this afternoon. It is very probable that the certificate of character which was read in court will win a verdict in his favor.

Interesting Scene.—The Oregon Mission, consisting 50 persons, departed in the ship Stenard, from New York, on Wednesday. Religious service was performed in the Hercules steamer while she was towing the ship down the Bay; and one of the children of the mission born on the journey from Oregon, was baptized "Oregon." The whole scene of taking leave, and mutual prayers for a prosperous result to this pious enterprise to the remotest regions of the Pacific, was highly impressive, and seemed to be the celestial of those glorious days when our puritan ancestors were prompted to seek for religious freedom in this new world, the principles of which are now being carried out by extending the blessings of civilization to the utmost bounds of our territory.

The mail was recently robbed between Albany and Hudson, and in the latter city.

Shocking Occurrence.—On Thursday of last week, at Mr. James Cassedy's, a respectable farmer of the Island of Orleans, near Buffalo, New York, was engaged in tending a threshing machine, which was in operation, and caught in the machinery, which drew in his leg, and literally ground it to a jelly in its progress. The unfortunate sufferer lingered until about six hours in great agony, when he expired. He has left a wife and six children. The four youngest of whom are under six years of age.

Ship Launch.—The ship Columbus, which sailed from New York on Monday, took out $4,0,000 in specie.

Profits Among the New York Banks.—The New York Express says:—There is no unsecurity worse than ignorance among the banks. The Bank of Commerce is refusing to receive the certificate checks and drafts of the North American Trust and Banking Company. The National are refusing the certified checks and drafts of the Dry Dock. The banks have the confidence of the public, and they in turn have not only lately confidence, but stand by each other. The banks at this particular juncture should act together, and not be injecting their own suggestions, but in extending their line of discounts.

New York should be called the city of playhouses. There are six open there now, and 9 shut.

Sudden Death.—Mr. Peter Christine, boot-maker, of No. 5 Spring st. fell down in the street, New York fell dead in the office on Saturday, from apoplexy.

The Late Seizures.—Chancellor Kent has given an opinion against the legality of all the custom-house seizures made since the 1st of July, and declares that it is expected that the whole block will shortly be rebuilt.

A Great Day in Flour.—There were 11,500 barrels of flour inspected in New York, on Tuesday.

The Deaths in New York last week were 139 male 79, females 60.

EASTERN.

An Exemplo Worthy of Imitation.—Mr. Thomas Baxter, of Hoosick, (Mass.) died recently, leaving the sum of $6. For 55 years he was a subscriber to the Troy Budget, and at the settlement of his subscription is supposed to have had the material influence of keeping him length of days.

A Great Haul.—Six thousand four hundred and twenty bass were taken last week in the estuous of North Dennis, Mass. Two thousand were caught in a single haul of the seine.

Loss of Duty.—A schoolmaster in Vermont, lately flogged a disobedient dunsel attending his school, to whom he was engaged. He has since been informed that the child was his daily to lick her as a tutor.

Fatal Accident.—While some workmen were recently employed in digging away the soil on the side of a hill near Death Cove, a man was killed and buried an American laborer, named Hart. When taken out he was dead.

Murder.—Jesse Dennesty, a grocer at Hartford, was found dead and floating in the Connecticut river recently, with his throat cut.

Firemen's Parade.—The Fire Department of Hartford, Conn. had a parade on the 5th inst.

Effects of Fear.—Mr. Spalen, a grocer—A keeper of a retail dry goods store in Boston, Massachusetts, who kept in business on the practice of purchasing lottery tickets for many years, was arrested on the 4th inst. His object was to know what had become of his property; he told them he had squandered it all away for lottery tickets, having been induced to purchase tickets of one broker a dozen in one year, and frequently sold his goods at less cost to obtain money to buy the tickets. He had never drawn any thing but some small prizes.

Pure Water in Boston.—It is proposed in Boston to supply that city with pure water from a pond near Lexington. The report of the Mayor, it appears that the amount of water needed is calculated by the Committee at about 1,700,000 gallons per day. Jamaica Pond, it appears, now supplies about 1,000,000 gallons per day, and is capable of supplying upward of 2,000,000. The cost of the present contemplated may be raised upon for 1,700,000 gallons. It proposed to combine these two.

The Salted old Bachelor.—A letter of is Mr. John Wentworth, of Chicago. He out *generals* generous—long and jolly. He has a farm out there that the Giraffe tried to eat salt of his hat, and could'nt do it.—*Cincinnati Times.*

WESTERN.

Flour, at Chilicothe, Ohio, October 2d, was down to $4.50 per barrel. Wheat 75 to 76 cents per bushel.

Flour.—Flour was selling at Cincinnati on the 7th inst. from the boats, at $4 per barrel.

Salt.—Mr. A. Hall is now engaged on his farm in Decatur county, Ia. a salt spring at the depth of only 13 feet. The quantity of salt is obtained from 4 gallons of the water. Mr. Hall is also digging for more salt water.—*Indiana Democrat.*

Salt Treasuries Eloped.—Write against Gen. Wheelwright, Indian Emigrating Agent for the Cherokees, are returned, G. T. gone to Texas. He had a $100,000 draft of ship in her petticoat.

Helping a Man Out of Prison.—The trifling sum of $1,000 bail got up a theatrical benefit, to those funds to pay the fine for which the editor of the Buffalo Commercial was mulcted in the jail. We hope all Biff's friends will come out even this occasion to enable him to "follow suit."

Enterprising.—A packet boat master, named Lewis Wilcox, who was buried out in Western New York fire, being the sixth time in that city, has already received the sum of $1,000, scarcely yet cold, and recommenced business.

Instance.—A resident of Lewisville married lady, named Mrs. Charity Fowler, living in New York, on returning home on Friday night was surprised to find a fellow on the premises, who turned in and a spirited scuffle ensued, in which she was victorious, and the fellow fled, and ordered to go with him to the watch-house. The prisoner, however, succeeded in escaping from her, when the valiant captain tore her cloak to pieces, and left with the fragments, while she dragged her to the watch house, thrust her into the cell where the prisoner had been, and left her there an hour or later. A considerable excitement arose in consequence of this treatment of a respectable female. The fellow's bail, however, was obliged to release her. In the morning the captain, a Mr. Jones, was fined $5, and was bound over in $300 to answer the assault and battery and the false imprisonment at the next term.

A Waiters "Buster."—The Despatch says that Mr. Norcum has announced as having dissolved from the counter of the Mechanics and Traders' Bank in Baltimore, and has opened a bar in the city as a hard customer. He has been known by order as a waiter, successively, at every bar in the party at three, and then to knock down the waiter or saloon-keeper who refused to trust him. On one occasion, while upon a "bender" in the country, he came to a farm house, and, entering the bar grate, and upon the whole appears, from all testimony, to be a "severe buster." He always plays fast and of money and liquid capacity, and stores away and shuck-bone cheese, when not upon too large a spree.

Manchester Bequest.—The "Signal," a new paper just started in Manchester, Va., has left in his will $500,000 to a *Free Public Library*, to be located in the city and named after him. He also left $100,000 for Europe in the Wellington packet, being interested in the line of which Mr. Alston is a member, such works as may be deemed proper to form a part of the library. The fellow and his heirs are worthy of the enlarged views of a generous and liberal people, and their munificence to a struggling industry, have carried out for him the means of obtaining, in his adopted country, a present high position.—*Post.*

A Singular Trial.—In an action tried before Judge Mc. Norcum, in Baltimore, on Friday, in the suit of John Duff against Edwin Lord, for wages claimed by the former for services which he had been in the employ of Mr. Lord as a waiter for some two or three years, when Mr. Lord discharged him, the defence set up was that Duff was from the wine cellar of his residence. It was admitted by the plaintiff that he was a good waiter, but Mr. Lord immediately gave him his discharge; and as he was going to leave the house he gave him a character—saying that his wine-drinking propensities were such as to unfit him for his business, as he should have stripped drunk every day in the morning. Mr. Lord engaged and in behalf of his son Wife and family. Mr. Lord's counsel required certificate of character, when Johnson dismissed the case, and Lord was summoned this afternoon. It is very probable that the certificate of character which was read in court will win a verdict in his favor.

Interesting Scene.—The Oregon Mission, consisting 50 persons, departed in the ship Stenard, from New York, on Wednesday. Religious service was performed in the Hercules steamer while she was towing the ship down the Bay; and one of the children of the mission born on the journey from Oregon, was baptized "Oregon." The whole scene of taking leave, and mutual prayers for a prosperous result to this pious enterprise to the remotest regions of the Pacific, was highly impressive, and seemed to be the celestial of those glorious days when our puritan ancestors were prompted to seek for religious freedom in this new world, the princi-

An Appalling Fire at Mobile.

FIVE HUNDRED HOUSES DESTROYED.

By the Southern Mail, we have particulars of a most destructive conflagration at Mobile, a city that, scourged by the plague and desolated by fire, now presents but a melancholy ruin of its former opulence. The fire broke out on the night of the 7th, about eight o'clock, and raged in its re-sistless career, until ELEVEN SQUARES were a heap of blazing and smouldering ruins.

The awful calamity was preceded by another fire on the night of the 5th, by persons who, destroyed twenty houses, including the Lyon Hotel. Mobile Daily Herald & Tribune Chronicle says:

"The loss will amount to about $130,000, over 70,000 being covered by insurance, and about $60,000 in cash. The principal losers are as follows: In this city Alabama Life and Trust Co. $17,000; Mobile $10,000; Fireman's, $4000; Merchants $15,000; Exchange Bank $5000; Gas, Insurance and Trust at Augusta $16,000; Charleston and Trust $5000; Howard Fire $5000; and Insurance Co. Hudson New York $500.

The great fire, on the night of the 7th, was, indeed, a dreadful visitation. A reporter of the office of the Advertiser, under date of the 8th, furnishes these particulars:

Last night, about eight o'clock, when the wind was blowing almost a gale from the south-east, the fire broke out in a large frame building in the rear of the house on the south-east corner of Dauphin and Franklin streets, and in square farther north, to St. Michael street—and this time the conflagration began, still on a more grand and terrible flame, it swept onward to Claiborne street, and crossed it, sweeping every thing to Franklin.

"Thus all the buildings on the north side of Conti, from Conception to Claiborne, consisted of four squares—all on both sides of Dauphin, to the same extent—and on both sides of Bienville to the same extent, with the exception of three buildings on the south side of Conti, and consequently all the buildings on the south side of St. Michael, from Jackson to Franklin—all on the opposite side of Conception, Bienville, Dauphin, Claiborne and Franklin, and probably from 30 to 50 buildings on the north side of Conti, as limits described above, numbering it a square, all about FIVE HUNDRED BUILDINGS, have suddenly been reduced to ashes!"

"By this awful calamity, probably two hundred families are turned into the streets, many of whose property and means are all swept away.

FALES OF RITA K'S.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

1099 shares United States Bank,	79@84	100
50 do. Mechanics' Bank,	92@92	100
250 do. Mechanics Bank,	92@92	100
50 do. Philadelphia Bank,	93@93	100
5 do. Do. & Mechanics Bank,	93@93	100
50 do. Commercial Bank,	93@93	100
5 do. Union Bank, Tenn.	70	100
50 do. Farmers Bank, Rhode Island,	97	100
50 do. Morris Canal Bank,	66	100
50 do. Do. Do.	66	100
238 do. Com. & R. R. do. Yorks.	34@34	100
100 do. Phil. W. & Balt. RR.	86@86	100
62 do. Schuylkill Nav. Stock,	8@8	100
50 do. Mech. Tradesmen's Loan,	10	100

ALMANAC.

OCTOBER, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON'S PHASES.
14 Saturday,	6 31	5 37	11 16
15 Sunday,	6 32	5 36	11 55
16 Monday,	6 33	5 35	12 35
17 Tuesday,	6 34	5 33	1 16
18 Wednesday,	6 35	5 32	1 59
19 Thursday,	6 36	5 30	2 44
20 Friday,	6 37	5 29	3 31

MARRIAGES.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Carter, Mr. WM. BROOKS, to Miss SOPHIA STOCKMASTER, both of the N. Liberties.

On Tuesday evening, 15th inst. by the Rev. George Storrs, Mr. ISAAC J. MARTIN, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH H. ASBEY, eldest daughter of Roswell Asbey, Esq. of Burlington, N. J.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 15, by the Rev. Dr. Derry, Mr. EDWARD C. MARSHALL, to MARY, daughter of R. S. Johnson, Esq. all of Phila.

On the 17th inst. at Frankford, Meeting, Arch street, by the Rev. Jacob Lamb, Mr. JAMES L. FISHBURN, to MARY, daughter of the late Joseph Gray, all of this city.

On Thursday, 3d inst. by the Rev. Felix Berkeley, Mr. JOHN H. MARTIN, to Miss ELIZA ANN, daughter of the late Daniel T. Wood, the Rev. JAMES M. WOOD, of Phila. to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of Jacob Abel, Esq. of the former place.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst by the Rev. Robert Geere, Mr. HENRY BENNET, of Stockhill, Maryland, to Miss ANN JANE, youngest daughter of Thomas Gardiner, Esq. of this city.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. E. J. Coe, Mr. STILLWELL J. BOSBOR, to REBECCA, daughter of the late Benjamin Ellis, Esq. both of this city.

On this city, on Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Heckman, ABRAHAM HEACOCK, of New York, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Thomas Heacock, of Haddonfield, Chester county.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dr. Mr. JOSEPH D. WARDELL, to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of the late Capt. Ralph Ellis, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Henry A. Board, Mr. THOMAS C. WILLIAMS, to ELIZABETH ANN, second daughter of the late Geo. Ralfee, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gray, Mr. JOHN H. BROWN, to Miss ELIZABETH, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dr. Mr. BENJAMIN BOWEN, of Haddonfield, to Miss SUSANNA, daughter of Ebenezer Mosier, of the former place.

On the morning of the 15th inst. at Christ Church, by the Rev. Benjamin Dorr, Mr. JOHN KOHLER, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss SOPHIA R. STEVENS, of Pemberton, N. J.

On the 6th inst. on Sunday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Sommers, Mr. FREDERICK TRUTHER, of New York, to Miss HANNAH ELLERY, second daughter of the late Thos. Ellery, Esq. of this city.

On Wednesday, 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Wilmer, Mr. JOSHUA C. MOTT, of New York, to Miss ANN, daughter of Richard Morris, Esq. of this city.

On Wednesday, 9th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOHN S. MOSS, to Miss JANE THOMPSON, both of Ridley, Delaware county, Pa.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday, 9th inst. ISAAC RUSH, son of Wm. and Catharine Rush.

On Thursday morning, 8th inst. at the residence of his brother-in-law, Thomas Armstrong, Esq. Nicholas Hancock, in the 66th year of his age, late of the Island of Trinidad.

On Thursday morning, 10th inst. WALTER DAMRI, son of William and Lydia Rodney, in the 6th year of his age.

On Thursday afternoon, 10th inst. Mrs. ELIZA ANN, wife of Mr. Wm. Wilson, and daughter of John Heron, in the 31d year of her age.

On Thursday morning, 10th inst. JAMES SPENCER, Hannahs on Va. SIDNEY, Abernathy, in about the 58th year of his age, a native of Pennsylvania, and a soldier of the Revolutionary war.

On Friday, 11th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH MARY, eldest daughter of Gregory and Frances Mitchell, of Philadelphia, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On Saturday morning, 12th inst. Mrs. FRANCES SALTER, relict of John W. Salter.

On Thursday, 10th inst. of P. E. Privet, oldest son of Robert and Ann Hebert T. Price.

On Sunday morning, 13th inst. MARGARET, wife of Mr. Thomas Bell, in the 40th year of her age.

On Saturday afternoon, after a lingering illness, Henry G. Ryer, aged 42 years.

On Friday, 11th inst. at an a long and painful illness, Mrs. MARY JANE EDWARD, in the 39th year of her age.

On Tuesday, 8th inst. on the 10th inst. in the 21st year of her age, CAROLINE E. HOLLAND, wife of Chas. Holland, and daughter of Wm. R. Gibson, of this city.

On this city, on Thursday, 10th inst. Mr. CHARLES DAILY, a native of Malone co. Cork, Ireland, and for many years a resident of Augusta, South Carolina, aged 37 years.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. DAVID SCHAFFER, aged 27 years.

On Monday afternoon, 14th inst. MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Lucas C. Fox.

On Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock, in the 65th year of her age, Mrs. THERESA CHRISTIAN, wife of Peter Christian.

On the 11th inst. HARRIET, daughter of P. and Eliza Ann Price, aged 10 months and 5 days.

On Monday morning, 14th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. Wm. Hall, and daughter of Mr. Jacob Yerkes, in the 39th year of her age.

On Thursday, 10th inst. after a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. JANE LEWIS, aged 56 years.

On the 13th inst. FRANCIS SULLIVAN, aged 74 years. He had gone for the benefit of his health, NATHANIEL HOPKINSON, Esq. of New York, aged 58.

Departed this life on the 7th inst. HANNAH BEAT TY, relict of the late Benjamin Beatty, formerly of Moorestown, New Jersey. Beloved and respected by all who knew her, and by her acquaintance, she has left behind her a name that will long be cherished in the affectionate remembrance of her relatives and friends.

Weep not for her, she is an Angel now,
And treads the supless floor of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Victorious over death in her success.
The world lost one of Heaven's eternal reps.

On the evening of the 10th inst. GEORGE APPLE, in the 1st year of his age.

On the 15th inst. SARAH ANN, daughter of Mordecai and Elizabeth Moore, in the 8th year of her age

among us—for of all evils that I know, war, such as I have seen it carried on in Germany in the year 1813—1815—is the worst.

PRICES OF FLOUR AT THE LATEST DATES.

New York,	$6 30 a 6 62 Genesee.
	6 25 a —— Ohio.
Boston,	6 12 a 6 25 Do.
Portland,	6 75 a ——
Philadelphia,	6 25 a 6 75 In good demand.
Wilmington, Del.	5 00 a ——
Baltimore,	5 50 a 6 10 Howard street.
Fredericksburg,	4 87 a 5 00
Richmond,	5 00 a ——
Georgetown,	5 00 a 5 12
Petersburg,	5 00 a 5 25 Very dull. "
Charleston,	7 50 a —— Scarce.
Savannah,	7 25 a —— Stock small.
Mobile,	6 00 a ——
New Orleans,	6 00 a 6 25 Abundant.
Louisville,	4 25 a 4 37 Receipts inc.
Louisville,	4 25 a 4 50 Dem dmoderate.
Cincinnati,	4 00 a 4 25 Dull.
Pittsburg,	4 00 a 4 12 Dull.
Detroit,	4 75 a 5 00 Stock large.
Cleveland,	5 00 a ——
Toledo,	5 00 a —— Receipts light.
Rochester,	6 00 a ——

The average price on the above places is $5.46 3-3 cents per barrel more than it was last week. The decline in the last ten days has been pupid, and prices are now quite as low as they have been this season.

The average price for the month of

May,	wee,	$6 78
June,	"	6 23
July,	"	6 03
August,	"	5 88
Sept.	"	5 44

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Oct. 11, received from

Lowell Bickford,	$ 2 00
Wm. Cartledge,	1 00
E. C. Brooks,	1 00
Commissioners of Insolvent Debtors,	1 00
Oct. 12.	
A. Richardson,	2 00
J. S. Rothermel,	1 00
Henry Ott,	1 00
Henry sett,	4 00
Conti,	Oct. 13.
Edward P. Lesmay,	1 00
Wm. Gummey,	1 00
Mrs. G.—Cox,	2 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Cox,	2 00
W. H. M'Knight,	2 00
Oct. 14.	
L. P. Roberts, Esq.	3 00
Wm. Hall, Esq.	2 00
P. J. Bennett, Esq.	3 00
Wm. Hall, Esq.	2 00
Oct. 15.	
Wm. Hall, Esq.	2 00
Commissioners of Insolvent Debtors,	1 00
Oct. 16.	
Wm. Hall, Esq.	2 00
Commissioners of Insolvent Debtors,	1 00
Oct. 17.	
W. H. Hamilton,	5 00
J. D. Edwards, Esq.	5 00

P. S. Across will please endorse their letters, and Post masters frank in full. To economize a frank, it is necessary to write the name of the Post Master in full, and the word "free" also.—*J.*

ALMANAC.

OCTOBER, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON'S PHASES.
21 Monday,	6 38	5 27	4 19
22 Tuesday,	6 39	5 25	5 10
23 Wednesday,	6 40	5 24	6 4
24 Thursday,	6 41	5 23	7 0
25 Friday,	6 42	5 21	7 58
26 Saturday,	6 43	5 20	8 58
27 Sunday,	6 44	5 19	9 59

MAHAN vs. WARD.

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word"

THE charge of insanity now rests with the jury in the Literary Taker, and it may not be amiss to state the grounds on which the defendant's counsel rely for a verdict in his favor. Ward was a quiet, sensible, and industrious man, and was in the habit of attending to his business, and he charged no one rent. "Massachusetts Ward" [illegible] "Ward" was a man of sense, and he charged no one rent. "

THE CLIPPER

Variety's the Spice of Life.
What gives it all to the Clipper.

REST.

From the Knickerbocker.

Our sweetest and most intense hours are these:
Those by wood fires, when winds rave over seas,
Which, guarded, loosen in most desirous shrine,
While comes thee, pale Release! and mourn, thine.
Then let the blanket's bride nestle her head,
Tir'd here the mother feel beholds her child;
Tis here death and life's affection's fondest cord,
And dearest more than ever to augment with.
Tis here the good man, pondering on his fate,
Beholds that bed which this day's tyranny,
Made by the nations, his final home's estate.

Where, in long slumber, it shall remain lot;
And he resides, dissolved in thee little end.
He relaxes will to the power with God!

WE HAVE IT.—We have found out that when a young lady "sets her cap," she means to cap-ture and liere-captive some fellow. Is that the essential cap-ital of that it? We are not cap-able of being cap-tured by such cap-ers.

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.—The following elegant extract ought to be read by every parent, and particularly every farmer:

"If the time shall come when this almighty fabric shall tumble, when the heavens which rest upon the pillar of fate, a ruin last monster of the world, shall wait alon, the Judge of the last great assembly of the people. If our Union shall be common to come the hour unnumbered and long appointed, if the sound of the last trumpet shall be heard, and the dead shall arise in the morning of our fields and in the resurrection of our country in her career of glory; if you would have the sun continue to shed its benignant rays on the face of freemen, then educate all the children in the land. Train those tender forms in the way they should go, and arouse the slumbering energies of an ex-pansive mind. Let the rising generation be raised up in the religious confidence of universal liberty, and this nation can preserve those principles of freedom."

A court baffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a cut countenance asked the poor fellow to prepare for death, adding, that he would show no more mercy cannon balls than to cowards who fled from the battle-field. "Then, please your majesty," replied the jester, "I adore your clemency, and choose to die of old age."

A GOOD ONE.—"My dear, what shall we name our baby," said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day.

"Why, Jen, I'm settled in my mind."

"Pete? Good Lord, I never knew a man with the initials of Peter who could keep straight. Don't do it."

"Well, then, we'll call him *Bill Peter*."—*Claremont Eagle.*

Young ladies never should run to fire. It don't look well.

A man who was "how come you so," fell down last evening. Another pronounced it the fashion of steamer navigation.

"Take off your hat, man," cried Lord Abinger to an assassin in a riding dress, who appeared as a witness in a suit from court of a certain country town.—"For sure a man," replied the indignant lady. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm no judge."

A GOOD OUT.—"My dear, what shall we name our baby," said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day.

"Why, Jen, I'm settled in my mind."

"Pete? Good Lord, I never knew a man with the initials of Peter who could keep straight. Don't do it."

"Well, then, we'll call him *Bill Peter*."—*Claremont Eagle.*

Young ladies never should run to fire. It don't look well.

A man who was "how come you so," fell down last evening. Another pronounced it the fashion of steamer navigation.

"Take off your hat, man," cried Lord Abinger to an assassin in a riding dress, who appeared as a witness in a suit from court of a certain country town.—"For sure a man," replied the indignant lady. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm no judge."

In cases of a sinful morality, it is usual to say—"Is there any harm in doing this?" But a question is sometimes be answered by asking ourselves another: Is there any benefit in doing it?

If you have a good wife, take care of her; and if you have not, get one immediately.

There is a woman in Alabama so tall, that a person has to be introduced to her twice before he can be acquainted.

A lady in Montreal recovered $1000 of a Mr. Brodbelt for hugging and kissing her rather too roughly. She ought to set a high value upon the money—she got a leg to stand upon.

Do not hire at the last advertising you know there is no book beneath it.

The art of life is the art of avoiding pain; and he is the best liver, who avoids clearest of the rocks and shoals with which it is beset.

Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank heaven, she has given her friends reason to be so. 'Tis better than a disturbed spear or lettic cheek. Let the girls ought to be romp.

"Wisdom's Gone," is the name of a tavern in Hampton, Michigan.

A lady advertises for sale as it a southern paper, one balcony, three stories and a parrot. The reason for that being married she has no further use for them.

SOAP cuts make the worst part of great ones; it is much economy, to endure misfortune than to keep inconvenience.

Intemperance renders the body a sink of diseases, and the mind a cage for demons, and a cannon of Absolute necessities are but few, and easily attained; but superfluities, a disordered mind knows no end.

—Mr. Shoemaker, I want you to mend these shoes before my last one wore out! Can you make it so as not to hurt pine?" "Half price! why man, your boots can't be mended at all—they are too far gone." "I do they are—just put new legs and new feet on them, and I guess they'll do."

The editor of an Irish newspaper, speaking of some concrete snowmen who performed in the market town of, "Not one did not dance without being performed with wonderful taste I shall say nothing—I will allow how to compel for himself."

"The preservation of liberty requires eternal vigilance," as the man said when he was dodging the office.

There is a man in Vermont whose nose is so large that he can't blow out but half at a time.

FACETIOUS.—Persons who have visited New Bedford, cannot fail to remember the following sagacious disticks:

"Here Poe and Kobe and Her I sell,
Who'll Overton stood it in the shell,
And fog'll go new for there that chews,
And will engratch black horse and shews."

Let no man feel loud knit with an editor for writing foolish thoughts, for there are no many papers now a-days that all the good sense there is in the world would not half fill them.

The editor of the N. H. Argus says it's no joke to wake up in the morning and find a million or so of mosquitoes roosting on his prominence. What's the length of his nose?

FEARFUL MISTAKE.—Sour Yankee, in Cincinnati, has discovered the long wanted perpetual motion, and is exhibiting it in a room over the post office, (a new invention by the by) as he can be accommodated in the Gazette. It is said that the moving power is quick-silver, and that the machine is kept in motion from the sub-cremaster. They long since made the important discovery, and always apply the moving power to themselves. All they have to do is to fill their pockets with it, and it immediately puts them in motion, and they disappear forever.—*Bell. Chronicle.*

As is the mind of sound. The arises from its character, for, of no use not silence, there is no such no sound. If there were no air, the earth would be cut as night, cold as winter, and as still as the grave. By reason of a moment's recollection this latter proposition may be made clear. Sound, upon partaking of the nature of an air-pump, the sound will gradually die away, and the sound will be lost. Hence we see we admit the air. The action of the lungs depends upon the pressure of the atmosphere on the body.

It is interesting to notice how some insects seem to create themselves—springing up under every dandy-manage, and wonderful as they are, they seem to go through a thousand contends. Nature seems to intiligate in developing the mysteries of art, with which it would rear up ingenious dullness to mockery, and to glory in the vapid, and lukewarmer of the pleasure of darkness. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the grass, some of the world, shocked by the thorns and brambles of adversity, and some fall on stony ground, where neither roots even in the clefts of the rocks—struggle up only to wither and decay, and some bear more mental birth place all the luxuriant of vegetation.

A CHURCH is more than a work of art; it is a symbol. In order to have a regular church, we must have setting forth of religious sentiment. Churches are the outward expression of the faith of our villages in the east country, of the world. They are visible tokens of the invisible. They lead the thoughts to the unseen and eternal. They raising towers and pointed spires also have to carry the mind of the commemoration between heaven and earth. They are like the ladder which Jacob saw in vision, on the top of which the gods were ascending and descending, and he who passes under the shadow of the sacred beam, in solitude and pray, is sometimes led to exclaim with the ancient patriarch, "how awful is it a place! this is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!" What would a city or village be to appearance—even of the greatest grandeur, without churches? a city of habitations and warehouses, and houses of entertainment for the weary-toiling men, but not pleasant to the city; but without one structure to recognize the sacred division and duty? We could not call it very lovable hostess for her life from such a city of destruction.

A country village, in the full and winter romance, at the same magnified place to live in we can imagine.—Sparkling brooks, apple perhaps, bending parties, fortified lots of fun. As the evenings lengthen, there is many agreeable chat to be enjoyed by a village circle, that can be found in large cities because there you become strangers with the whole town—here a person has frequently no acquaintance with his next door neighbor. The "old folks" herself good company in the absence of younger companions—one cannot of they have plenty of spice, nuts and good cider though cider in winter are not to be scorned at. Country boys and girls are gems on such wives.

THE FAR WEST.

A correspondent of the New York American, writing from Utica, says:

"My point is the spot where Utica may stand—on the end of the world, in the direction of the setting sun, [what] the Astor and Peter Smith [father and Gerrit] erected the ground from the Atlantic to Utica first, pushing the city from the Indian settlements on the rivers. The Indians ceded them in carrying the lots back to the interior, and the settlements pushed out successive to "the Far West," they opened a link in New York city and sold the lots on the other end. When their stock was exhausted, they again penetrated still further into the wilderness, and repeated the operation, and they disappear forever.—*Bell. Chronicle.*

As is the mind of sound. The arises from its character, for, of no use not silence, there is no such no sound. If there were no air, the earth would be cut as night, cold as winter, and as still as the grave. By reason of a moment's recollection this latter proposition may be made clear. Sound, upon partaking of the nature of an air-pump, the sound will gradually die away, and the sound will be lost. Hence we see we admit the air. The action of the lungs depends upon the pressure of the atmosphere on the body.

It is interesting to notice how some insects seem to create themselves—springing up under every dandy-manage, and wonderful as they are, they seem to go through a thousand contends. Nature seems to intiligate in developing the mysteries of art, with which it would rear up ingenious dullness to mockery, and to glory in the vapid, and lukewarmer of the pleasure of darkness. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the grass, some of the world, shocked by the thorns and brambles of adversity, and some fall on stony ground, where neither roots even in the clefts of the rocks—struggle up only to wither and decay, and some bear more mental birth place all the luxuriant of vegetation.

A CHURCH is more than a work of art; it is a symbol. In order to have a regular church, we must have setting forth of religious sentiment. Churches are the outward expression of the faith of our villages in the east country, of the world. They are visible tokens of the invisible. They lead the thoughts to the unseen and eternal. They raising towers and pointed spires also have to carry the mind of the commemoration between heaven and earth. They are like the ladder which Jacob saw in vision, on the top of which the gods were ascending and descending, and he who passes under the shadow of the sacred beam, in solitude and pray, is sometimes led to exclaim with the ancient patriarch, "how awful is it a place! this is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!" What would a city or village be to appearance—even of the greatest grandeur, without churches? a city of habitations and warehouses, and houses of entertainment for the weary-toiling men, but not pleasant to the city; but without one structure to recognize the sacred division and duty? We could not call it very lovable hostess for her life from such a city of destruction.

A country village, in the full and winter romance, at the same magnified place to live in we can imagine.—Sparkling brooks, apple perhaps, bending parties, fortified lots of fun. As the evenings lengthen, there is many agreeable chat to be enjoyed by a village circle, that can be found in large cities because there you become strangers with the whole town—here a person has frequently no acquaintance with his next door neighbor. The "old folks" herself good company in the absence of younger companions—one cannot of they have plenty of spice, nuts and good cider though cider in winter are not to be scorned at. Country boys and girls are gems on such wives.

CARNIGLIA.

The care of the Carmelite Nun Isabelle, who has been under the immediate excitement at Baltimore, has called up not a little sympathy for her, and it is said there are three ages who a student, I spent a short time in the Carmelite Convent at Baltimore, in Maryland. While there, I was told that within a short distance of the city, there was a Carmelite convent, which had some celebrated inmates, who had come from the English convent at Antwerp, and I resolved to visit it. Accordingly, one day I went out, and not numerous in the convent of the day, I found myself at the door of the convent. I rang the ugly clock a solemn peal was morning through the house, and in a few minutes I was admitted into the parlor. I found a plain wooden table, and chairs, and in the corner a crucifix of the Saviour. Everything seemed to be in a state of neatness and order, and I observed by its former owners. Every thing seemed to be in a state of neatness and order, and I observed by its former owners. Every thing seemed to be in a state of neatness and order, and I observed by its former owners. Every thing